

Cry Little Sister by auroradawn9669

Series: [Cry Little Sister \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Billy Hargrove is psycho in this, Blood As Lube, Crying, Dark Billy Hargrove, Death Threats, Domestic Violence, F/M, Forced Orgasm, Homophobia, Humiliation, Hurt Max, Hurt No Comfort, Loss of Virginity, Max is 14 here, Non-Consensual Oral Sex, Non-Consensual Somnophilia, Not a happy fic at all, Not a redemption fic at all, Obsessive Billy, Painful Sex, Post Season 2, Racism, Rape/Non-con Elements, Seriously if you like him this is not the fic for you, Sexism, Sexual Abuse, Sexual Violence, Sibling Abuse, Step-Sibling Incest, Strangulation, Underage Drinking, Underage Rape/Non-con, Vaginal Fingering, Verbal Abuse, Victim Blaming, Whipping, lots of slurs, possessive, rape as punishment

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Summary:

In the last few months, he'd come to hate Lucas Sinclair. Every time he saw the dark-skinned boy near his stepsister, Billy felt his blood boil. But Max would throw him one of those warning glares and he'd inevitably remember how close she'd been to making it impossible for him to ever have sex again.

Tonight had been the last straw though.

Cry Little Sister

Author's Note:

New to this fandom. New to this archive. Not new to writing. This is by far the darkest most twisted thing I've ever written. I am not a fan of Billy Hargrove and being in his head here made me want to bleach out my own brain. If you're a fan of his, you probably won't like this. I don't expect anyone WILL like it. I'm working on a sequel that will deal with the fallout of what happens in this fic.

Needless to say I do NOT in any way condone what happens here. Billy is a bad guy in this fic. REALLY bad. Don't say I didn't warn you.

In the last few months, he'd come to hate Lucas Sinclair. Every time he saw the dark-skinned boy near his stepsister, Billy felt his blood *boil*. But Max would throw him one of those warning glares and he'd inevitably remember how close she'd been to making it impossible for him to ever have sex again.

Tonight had been the last straw though.

The party had been crowded - too many goddamn people everywhere and he'd grabbed some kind of drink, downing it and enjoying the burn. That was when he'd seen them in the corner, the Sinclair kid's hand just barely brushing against her left hip beneath her shirt, as they kissed, his stepsister's back pressed up against the wall.

That was it. Enough was enough.

His dad and his bitch wife were gone for the weekend, and Billy was completely sober when he drove home. He wasn't sure how Max had gotten home, but she wasn't quite as sober. He'd seen some fruity drink in her hand at some point. Tonight would be a lesson for her about that too.

She stumbled a little as she stepped into the house, giving him a glare

as she made her way down the hall toward her room. He knew she didn't drink often, because regardless of her glares and verbal threats, he'd kept tabs on her. It was his fucking responsibility to make sure she didn't get into *too* much trouble. Because if she did, so did he.

Billy gave her an hour before he headed down the hall, staying silent as he moved. He listened at her door for a long moment and heard nothing, so he turned the knob and pushed open the door. The room was dark, but moonlight shone through the window, and he stared at her unconscious form lying on her side, faced away from him, arms curled around a pillow.

Probably pretending it was *Sinclair*. The familiar rage began to build as he watched her, the bane of his goddamn existence. The tables were going to turn tonight.

He shut the door quietly and pressed the lock button just in case, though he didn't think he'd need the extra security. Then he moved back to the edge of her bed, sitting down on it and staring intently at her face, peaceful, relaxed. "Maxine," he whispered. She didn't so much as stir, and Billy reached out, resting a hand on her arm, and when she still didn't move, he smirked.

Dumb bitch. Practically asking for it.

He let his hand stroke down the length of her arm, tugging the blankets off her and tossing them toward the end of the bed. She was wearing a Metallica t-shirt and a pair of flannel pants that did nothing flattering for her figure. Sometimes Billy was sure she was secretly a dyke, despite whatever it was she did with Sinclair. Clothing choices aside, she was a pretty girl. He wasn't even that surprised by how that kid hung on every word she said. No doubt his little sister was making it worth the kid's while to pay damned close attention. He wondered how many others had already had their turn with the slut.

Regardless. It was his turn, now.

For a long time, he simply watched her sleep, then he let his hand move to rest on her hip, just beneath the waistband of her sleep pants, the same place where Sinclair's hand had lingered earlier that

night. He wanted to take his time with her tonight because he *could* and not a damn person could stop him. He also wanted to just tear her pants off and slam his cock home as hard as he could. Remind her who was in charge here, make it so she'd never forget again.

Billy traced a nonsensical pattern into her skin, watching her face for any sign of awakening, and found none. He was almost disappointed. Part of him craved for her to wake up, to witness her own violation. Wanted her to be ashamed, humiliated.

Well. The night was young.

His hand slid lower, gripping lightly onto her outer thigh and she sighed in her sleep. Bitch was actually enjoying what he was doing to her. "Maxine," he murmured, leaning over her, face pressed against the back of her neck. He wasn't sure what made him do it, but he pressed a kiss there, nuzzling into her hair.

Billy pulled his hand out from her pants and slid it up and under her shirt instead, rubbing his thumb over her flat stomach. She wasn't into sports in general, but all the skateboarding kept her fit and her muscles toned. Not that you could tell it from the layers of clothes she wore. Her skin was soft and warm beneath his touch and he pressed another kiss against her neck, tongue darting out to taste her skin as he let his hand slide higher, higher, until he was cupping one of her small, soft breasts in his hand. For a moment he just let his hand rest there, and when she didn't awaken, he rubbed his thumb over her nipple, smirking as it started to harden beneath his expert touch.

"Such a slut," he mumbled, squeezing her nipple and rolling it between his fingers, tugging at it lightly. He couldn't wait to get his mouth on the rosy little bud. A soft, undistinguishable sound escaped her mouth and he stilled his movements for a moment, lifting his head up just a little to look at her face. Her eyebrows were furrowed, her breathing a little quicker.

This might be a lot more fun than he'd even imagined. She wasn't so unconscious she was unresponsive. And Billy liked his girls responsive.

"You like that, huh?" He smirked a little more, letting go of her breast for the time being and sliding his hand down her belly, and beneath the waistband of her pants. He rolled his eyes at the feel of the cotton panties she was wearing, but he shouldn't have been surprised, considering the boyish way she always dressed. Obviously she wasn't anticipating his plans for the night. He supposed he should be glad because it probably meant he wasn't getting Lucas Sinclair's sloppy seconds tonight, either.

But the thought of the other boy brought a scowl to his face and his touch grew less gentle as he wedged his hand between her legs, beneath her underwear, fingers brushing over the curls he finds there. He stared down at her face, eyes cold as his index and middle fingers traced over her lower lips before spreading them open with his thumb and forefinger and sliding two fingers inside of her.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered, gritting his teeth together. Her insides were hot and so fucking *tight*, but she wasn't at all wet and that irritated the shit out of him. His thumb moved through her curls in an attempt to find her clit even as he tried to slide his fingers into her further. He was barely up to his first knuckles when he was met with resistance and his eyes widened.

Holy fuck. Max was still a virgin.

If he hadn't been hard before, he certainly was now as it dawned on him he was going to be her first, after all. That he was going to be the one to get to pop that little cherry and make her *bleed*. After everything the stupid cunt had put him through the last few years, she fucking owed it to him anyway.

Billy pushed his fingers a little harder against the barrier, enjoying the slight stretching sensation as a soft whimper escaped Max's lips. He looked up at her face, dick hardening more at the sight of her obvious discomfort even as she slept. He wasn't sure how much more he could push her before she'd wake up entirely, but he wanted to find out.

Licking his lips, he pulled his hand out of her pants abruptly, wiping them on her shirt before sitting up on the bed and grasping ahold of the waistband, eyes darting to her face to watch for any sign that she

was waking up as he carefully peeled the bottom half of her sleepwear away. He tossed them to the floor since she wasn't going to be needing them the rest of the night anyway.

He rose to his feet, shrugging out of his shirt and staring down at her. Her breathing evened out once more and he watched the steady rise and fall of her chest as she slept. An idea suddenly occurred to him and he grinned wickedly before heading out of the room, footsteps quiet as he crossed the hall to his own bedroom, fishing around in his closet until he found the object he'd been looking for. Item in hand, he moved back to her room, closing and locking the door once again before flipping on the camera and taking a couple shots of his little sister sleeping in her underwear and Metallica shirt.

At least the bitch had good taste in music.

He set the camera down on her nightstand for now, crawling back onto her bed and very carefully rolling her onto her back, tossing the pillow she'd been holding onto the floor. She sighed softly before settling into the new position and Billy's eyes darkened as he tugged her shirt up, exposing her bare breasts to his eyes. They were a solid b-cup, smaller than he usually liked on a girl, but hell, they were bigger than he expected. It was hard to tell under those baggy hoodies she wore.

Fuck, he wanted to play with those tits and peaked little nipples all night.

Billy picked up the camera once more, zooming in for a couple of shots and snapping several photographs of her mostly nude body. Not that he'd need the reminder - he wasn't planning on forgetting tonight anytime soon. But they just might come in handy later. Setting the device down once more, he grasped onto the waistband of her underpants. Time for the full fucking picture. He rolled them down her thighs and off her feet and tossed them onto the floor with her pants, wherever they'd wound up.

He shifted and knelt at her feet on the bed, reaching down and resting his hands on her thighs, pushing them apart so he can get a good look. She was all soft, pretty pink petals spreading open beneath him. His eyes narrowed and he leaned in, licking a single stripe all

the way up her cunt and over the tiny bud that was nestled at the top of her folds. Her body jerked slightly and his gaze flickered to her face, but her eyes were still closed even as her breathing hitched.

Taking her apart was going to be so much goddamn fun.

He reached for the camera once more, snapping several shots of her exposed body, making sure to get her face in each frame so there was no mistaking whose body it was. Then he set the camera aside. Time to get down to business for real.

Billy climbed off the bed, unzipping his jeans and shoving them off, kicking them aside, along with his boxers. His cock stood large and erect as he stared down at his step sister's naked, unconscious body, savoring the moment.

Oh, Max, I'm gonna tear you up, he thought with a smirk before sliding his body over hers, legs straddling her waist before he lowered himself down, eye level with her breasts. He breathed against her nipples, tongue darting out to lick idly at the one he'd neglected earlier. It was soft at first but quickly peaked beneath his ministrations and he smirked. Virgin or not, her body knew what it wanted. What it *needed*.

He suddenly had mental images of all the ways he could play with her little titties, imagining rubbing ice over her nipples, or dripping hot wax onto them. He could get a couple of clamps, maybe even little weights. He could tie her up. Gag her, even. Yeah. She'd look even prettier with her mouth wrapped around a ball gag. Or something else.

But for now, he settled for leaning down and wrapping his lips around one peaked nipple, lashing it with his tongue before sucking on it, eyes darting to her face to see if there was any reaction. Her eyebrows furrowed, mouth tugged downward as though she was confused about what was happening, but her eyes remained closed for the time being. Maybe she had more to drink than he'd thought. It was a bit of a disappointing thought, but he was just getting started on her.

Billy reached up with one hand, rolling her other nipple between his

fingertips and then, wanting to see just how out of it she really was, squeezed sharply, tugging the sensitive nub away from her and releasing it quickly. A soft whimper escaped her and he grew still as one of her hands pushed at him, mumbling, “Stop,” beneath her breath.

So she wasn’t totally out of it. That made him grin. Now it was about to get really interesting. “Maxine, you awake?” He leaned down and pressed a kiss to her collarbone, keeping his eyes on her face as her eyelids fluttered a little. When they remained shut, he suckled on her skin there, scraping his teeth over the spot lightly and pulling away to examine it, pleased to see it was already red. “Come on, little sister.” He let his hand trail down her body, cupping a breast in his hand once more and squeezing it momentarily before capturing it in his mouth. The idea of leaving marks all over her body was almost enough to make him cum.

He bit down on her nipple and a soft, protesting sound escaped her and she shifted beneath him just a bit.

“What...” Her lips parted, eyebrows furrowed.

“You had a little too much to drink tonight, Maxine. Didn’t anyone ever teach you it’s stupid to drink and pass out near strange men?” He chuckled against her breast and trailed kisses up her neck until his lips covered hers, capturing them in a kiss he hadn’t realized he’d wanted so badly until just then. That seemed to wake her up a little more, eyes snapping open as he thrust his tongue into her mouth.

Max tensed beneath him, lifting her hands to his shoulders to try and push him away, but he was easily twice her size, and she was still fighting the effects of the drinks she’d had earlier. She might as well have been beating against him with butterfly wings. It was an amusing thought, right up until the point that she bit down on his tongue, hard.

Billy yanked his mouth away from her abruptly, instinctively drawing back and smacking her across the face, shocking her as her head rolled to the side with the force of the blow. He pressed the same hand to his mouth, and it came away covered in blood. “You stupid bitch,” he hissed, and her terrified blue eyes met his angry ones.

“Yeah, you just fucked up,” he whispered. “But that’s okay. This is all about reminding you who’s in control here.”

“Please,” she whispered, struggling beneath him until he grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked her head back, making her cry out and arch her back involuntarily to try and lessen the pressure.

He couldn’t pass up that golden opportunity, now, could he? He latched onto her nipple, suckling hard, hard enough to leave a bruise, and then biting down again.

“Please, please stop, Billy,” she whimpered and he shoved her head away harshly.

“Oh, Sweetheart. We’re just getting started.” He pulled away to grin down at her, unaware of how feral he looked with blood staining his mouth, crazed look in his eyes. “See I think I figured out what your problem is. You just need a good fucking, that’s all.” He slid his hand between her legs, which she clamped shut immediately, blocking his access to her tight cunt.

“Get off me,” she ordered, sounding more brave than she looked at the moment, given her naked body and the glazed look in her eyes. He knew the latter was from a mixture of alcohol and shock. Not what he wanted to see. He wanted to see *fear*. He wanted to see that same terrified look in her eyes the way he always used to.

He wanted to put the little bitch back in her place, where she belonged.

He reached down and wrapped a hand around her throat. “If you think I won’t kill you and get rid of your body, you’re mistaken,” he whispered, dropping his head so his mouth was right against her ear. He tightened his grip just a little and her hands immediately shot up to try and pry his fingers away. His tongue darted out, poking into her ear and he enjoyed the way she blanched beneath him.

His free hand reached back between her legs once more, and when she didn’t open them, he pinched the inside of her right thigh as hard as he could, making her yelp. He took that opportunity to jam one of his knees between her legs and she whimpered, tears spilling down

her cheeks. "Oh yes," he murmured, licking one of them off her cheek. He relinquished some of the pressure on her throat, not wanting her to pass out again. He wanted her to be awake so she could feel everything he planned on doing to her. But he kept his hand there as a warning.

"You know I'm really surprised you haven't let Sinclair do this yet," he told her conversationally as he wedged two fingers back inside of her, grinning when her entire body tensed beneath him. And there it was, shining in her eyes along with the tears. The fear. He relished seeing it again, and had he known this was all it would take to do so, he'd have stripped her bare and jammed his fingers up her pussy weeks ago.

"Please don't do this to me," she whispered, and if he'd had any real feeling for the girl, as family or otherwise, he probably would have felt bad.

But he didn't.

He pressed his fingers inside of her, up against her hymen, poking at it gently for the moment, mostly because he wanted to draw things out as long as possible. "You know, I've popped a lot of cherries before, but I think you're the tightest bitch I've ever had my fingers inside. I bet this is gonna hurt a lot. 'Specially when I get my dick inside you. You're probably going to bleed for a couple days."

Billy watched as some of the fear in her eyes shifted, turned to hatred. Like she was trying to steel herself against him. Well that wasn't going to happen. If she wasn't going to be afraid of him, she was at least going to be in pain. He forced a third finger into her, the squeeze hurting his fingers a little, but he didn't care because he knew it was worse for her. He pumped the digits inside of her as she bit down hard on her lower lip to stop from crying out or whimpering. He supposed he'd just have to try harder.

"Ready to be a woman, Maxine?" he asked, hand curling around her throat a little harder as he pressed a kiss to a spot above her right nipple. He didn't wait for a response because he knew he wasn't going to get one, and frankly he was getting sick of all the foreplay anyway. He twisted his fingers inside of her, forcing them higher and

wider, stretching the membrane until he felt it start to give and a soft, pained noise escaped the redhead's lips.

He shifted his gaze so he could watch her face, the pain etched into her expression making him grin, excitement and anticipation rushing through him. Without anymore warning, he pushed his fingers inside of her as hard as he could, ripping through her hymen and feeling something hot and sticky coat his fingers as she cried out involuntarily. He chuckled, yanking his fingers out of her and wiggling them in front of her face to show off the blood staining them. He sucked his index finger into his mouth, the coppery taste of her innocence exploding on his tongue.

Fuck he loved this. He wished there was a way he could do this to her over and over. He watched as she wept silent, bitter tears. Then he reached down and wiped the other bloodied fingers on her face, finally shoving one into her mouth. She gagged and he laughed. "Never tasted yourself before, huh?" Max glared at him as he pulled his finger away, and he was pretty sure she'd try and spit on him if she got the opportunity. So he wasn't going to let her have it.

Billy shifted so that both of his knees were between her legs, but kept a firm grip on her neck with one hand and grabbed his cock with the other. "All right. Play time's over." He lined himself up with her opening, rubbing the head of his dick over her lower lips and grinning when he saw the fear reappear in her eyes.

It took him a moment just to force the head of his cock into her tight little hole, groaning when it finally popped inside. "Fuck," he muttered. "Goddamn you're tight." So tight in fact, that it almost hurt *him*. The only thing that eased his way at all was her blood and it wasn't like she was *gushing*.

Squeezing onto her throat a little more tightly, he rested his free hand on her pubic bone, reaching over and brushing his thumb through her curls and pressing it down hard on her clit. It was like he electrocuted her, the way her body jerked beneath his involuntarily and he chuckled. "Yeah, see, you need this, Maxie," he murmured, rubbing his thumb over her tiny pleasure center. He could feel her short fingernails digging into his hand and arm as she squirmed, trying to get him to release her neck. He didn't let go of it entirely,

but he did ease up on the pressure, not wanting to accidentally crush her windpipe, or leave bruises that would be questioned later.

“Relax. Might as well try and enjoy it,” he told her, lowering his body onto hers more so they were skin to skin.

“Fuck you,” she responded tearfully, voice choked.

“That’s the idea.” He thrust his hips forward a little more, gritting his teeth together as he rocked into her, withdrew and pushed in again, managing to force a couple more inches of his length inside of her. It was still a struggle but it was becoming more pleasurable. For him anyway. By the way she was wincing, tears still streaming down her cheeks silently, he was pretty sure she wasn’t enjoying herself.

Billy lowered his face so it was just above hers. “I’m gonna kiss you. If you bite me again, I’m gonna beat your ass before I stick my dick up it,” he warned her without a hint of joking. And Christ, if her cunt was this tight, he could only fucking *imagine* how tight her little asshole was.

He met her eyes for a moment, eating up her frightened reaction, and grinned at her. Then lowered his mouth to hers, brushing his lips against her own. He wanted to bite down, taste her blood again, but he had to be careful about where he marked her if he didn’t want to get caught. Christ. It’d almost be worth it, though. Still. There were plenty of other places he could mark without risking his own ass.

He captured her lips with his even as he slid his free hand up her body, cupping her breast and rubbing it almost gently. He smirked against her mouth when she cried out as he twisted her nipple between his thumb and index finger none-too-gently at the same time that he thrust into her a little harder. He plunged his tongue into her mouth, feeling her recoil as much as she could but following her and not letting her escape. He swept his tongue over her teeth and tongue, lapping at the roof of her mouth.

He finally let go of her neck entirely, pressing his hands down on her shoulders for better leverage, grasping onto her tightly. “Guess I didn’t stretch you enough before I started fucking you,” he said idly, pulling out of her and looking down at his dick, blood smearing on it.

He looked back up at her, leaning down to suck another mark onto her collarbone. He let his hand wander down between them, thrusting two fingers back inside her and finding her a little less tight now, at least for his fingers.

"I hate you so much," she whispered, her eyes squeezing shut as he plunged his fingers in and out of her, pressing against her inner walls to try and loosen her up a little more.

"Don't hurt my feelings," he responded, easing a third finger inside along the other two. "Might decide to force my whole hand up your cunt, Max." He felt her passage tighten around his fingers as she tensed beneath him and he chuckled but didn't stop, pressing harder and deeper within her. He let his thumb travel up to rub against her clit, circling it gently, until her body bucked involuntarily and she cried out, trying to squirm out from under him. "Easy. Trying to help you out here, make this a little easier on you." He leaned down and wrapped his lips around her nipple, laving it with his tongue.

"Just let me go," she whispered.

He ignored her words entirely, tempted to try and wiggle his last finger inside of her just to see if he *could*. But he doesn't want to tear her up so badly she'd need medical attention, either, so he doesn't try it. After a couple of moments, he felt his fingers starting to get a little more damp and he smirked, triumphant. "There we go." He pushed down on her clit harder, fucking her with his digits a little more quickly and easily. "Yeah, there we go. See, now you're starting to enjoy yourself."

Too caught up in the moment, he didn't notice that her left arm had shot out toward her nightstand, and she grabbed a hold of her alarm clock, bringing it down hard on his head. Pain exploded through his skull as he fell backwards on the bed, off balance, and Max rolled off the mattress, scrambling toward the door.

"You fucking bitch!" Rage spiraled through him and he rose to his feet, catching up to her just as she undid the lock on her door, managing to make it out into the hallway. He reached out and grabbed her by the hair, making her scream as he yanked her back into her bedroom. He dragged her back toward the bed, kicking the

door shut with his foot and forcing her to the mattress again, this time facedown. "I was trying to make this nice for you and you ruined it. You ruin everything!"

Billy pressed one hand hard against her shoulder blades to keep her from being able to move and smacked her ass as hard as he could with his bare hand, making her cry out. He spotted his belt on the floor and looked down at her. "You get up when I move away, and your mom's going to come home this weekend and find parts of you all over this house. Do you understand me, Slut?"

Max didn't respond and he smacked her ass again, thrilled at the whimper that escaped her. "I said, do you *understand*?"

"Yes!" Her voice was muffled from the bedding and he moved away from her, grabbing his belt off the floor and setting it down beside her on the bed. Then he reached out and yanked both of her arms behind her back, gripping her slender wrists in one hand and reaching for the belt, doubling it over, licking his lips as he stared at her pale ass. It wouldn't be so pale for long. He brought the belt down hard and she let out a muffled scream, struggling against the hold he had on her, so he hit her again, criss crossing the pattern across her ass cheeks.

"I think you need to count. We'll start with ten, five on each ass cheek. If you mess up, we'll start all over from the beginning. Got it?"

"Please don't," she whimpered and he brought the belt down hard on the back of her thighs, making her cry out again.

"You ready to count now?"

A soft sob escaped her and it made him more angry with her, because he'd been trying to make things more pleasant for *her* and she'd turned on him. He glared down at her, then kicked her legs apart with his foot, striking her again and letting her feel the belt land partially against her puffy cunt lips.

The sound that came from her this time was a delicious keening noise. He wanted to give in and just fuck her, but no. Now he had to punish her first, teach her *another* lesson. "Count, bitch." He didn't

give her anymore warning, the belt whistling through the air and colliding with her bare skin that turned bright red instantly, a beautiful stripe across her ass to match the ones on her thighs.

“One,” she whimpered.

He smirked, feeling a sense of accomplishment as she finally gave in. But he couldn't let her get by with what she'd done, so he dealt each blow to her as she counted, her tears soaking into the bedding beneath her as she cried, voice growing more shaky with each climbing number. “Don't *ever* - “ He struck her again.

“Seven,” she cried.

“-come at me like that again.” He struck her again, positioning this blow at the bottom of her ass where she'd have to sit.

“Eight!”

Billy felt his nerves start to calm a little with each strike, feeling more in control. He landed number nine in the same spot, wanting her to be reminded of this and not be tempted to try something so stupid again in the future. He was panting from the exertion and Max was panting, too, and sobbing harder now. He could barely understand the *nine* that she whimpered out.

He knew that pain would only intensify the pleasure that he was planning shortly, but he didn't want it to be *that* pleasurable. Not after she'd tried to knock him out. He licked his lips, staring down at her trembling form beneath him and forcing her a little higher up on the bed with his grip on her arms, making her cry out.

His gaze zeroed in on the space between her legs and he drew back, whipping her as hard as he could against her cunt. She flailed involuntarily, shrieking so loud that he had to shove her head down onto the mattress to muffle it.

She hadn't said *ten*, but Billy's arm was tired from the whipping and he straddled her hips, using the belt to tie her arms behind her back so she couldn't escape this time. “Better be glad I'm letting it slide you didn't count that last one. Not sure you could stand ten more,

Maxie,” he murmured, resting his hands on her shoulders and rubbing them tenderly. “You’re just not quite as tough as me.” He leaned down, sucking a bruise onto her shoulder blade and licking her skin as she shook uncontrollably beneath him.

He pulled back to look down at her and Christ, was her ass *red*. He couldn’t resist taking her cheeks in his hands and squeezing, making her cry out as he enjoyed the heat that radiated from her. “God, you look amazing like this. Shoulda done this sooner.” He shifted off the bed, leaning down and kissing her low back before focusing in on her ass once more. He pulled her cheeks apart as far as he could as she whimpered.

“Please, Billy, please don’t.” Her voice broke.

Billy laughed as he stared at her tiny hole for a moment, fascinated, then prodded at it with his index finger. “Don’t worry, little sister. Not tonight. Still haven’t fucked your cunt properly yet.” Still, he wanted to see, to test. Keeping her spread apart, he licked his finger and wiggled it inside of her until she was struggling beneath him. He wasn’t able to get it very far in, not even up to the first knuckle. One day, though, he’d take that cherry, too. Her ass would literally be his.

But for now, he pulled away, reaching down and grabbing the pillow he’d yanked away from her earlier and rolling her onto her side just enough to stuff it beneath her hips before putting her back on her stomach once more.

“Billy?” There was fear in her voice, and God, it was good to hear it there again, the way he’d been so accustomed to for so long.

“Easy. Just gonna finish what I started.” He climbed back on the bed behind her, almost wishing he’d taken her this way to begin with, popped her cherry from behind with his cock instead of his fingers. But no, he had to try and be nice about it and the dumb bitch hadn’t even appreciated it. He felt himself starting to grow angry again and he shoved her legs apart, wrapping one of his arms around her chest and pulling her up enough to get better leverage.

With his other hand, he guided the head of his cock toward her cunt even as he felt her growing more tense beneath him. He didn’t care if it hurt her. This wasn’t about her now, it was about him. He thrust

into her from behind as she flinched. She was still tight, but she was also wetter than before thanks to his earlier fingering. And hell, maybe she'd liked the punishment. Maybe she was a pain slut. Most women were, after all.

Billy pushed forward steadily, coring out a place inside of her for his cock as she tried not to cry beneath him. He bent down, kissing his way up to her shoulders, knowing she was sore from the beating and also because he was deeper inside of her than before. He glanced between them. "Brace yourself. Still got a few more inches to go, Max," he informed her, which only made her tense and tighten more.

With his free hand, he gripped onto her left hip, knowing there would be another bruise there by tomorrow, and yanked her back toward him as he thrust forward, gritting his teeth as he drilled into her, hand moving to cover her mouth as she screamed. He sank into her little by little, sweat breaking out across his forehead and Max's shoulder blades. He licked it off her as he kept going until he bottomed out, head of his cock pressed tightly against her womb, making him groan.

"Jesus fuck," he muttered. "So goddamn tight." She was crying steadily now and they'd barely gotten started. He let himself rest there for a moment, dropping his head onto her shoulder and panting. He stared at her other pillow for a moment, then reached out and grabbed it, yanking the pillowcase off in a flash of ingenuity. He tied it around her mouth and head to muffle her screams so his hands would be free from here on out. "There we go."

He exhaled, moving both of his hands beneath her to grip onto her breasts as he slowly pulled out of her. "Ready?" She couldn't answer of course, so he thrust into her hard, her body going rigid as she tried to scream as his dick rammed against her tender cervix. He pinched and plucked at her nipples as he started fucking her hard and fast, like it had been *years* since he'd had sex when in reality it had only been a couple days. Still. The last bitch hadn't been a virgin, hadn't been this tight or responsive and how the fuck was he going to go back to other women now, knowing this bitch was right across the hall from him *every* damned night?

Billy pumped into her body with ease now, each time bottoming out

against her womb as his groin began to tighten. He tightened his grip on her nipples in response to the feeling and hunched over her so his face was right behind hers, hips moving faster than before, plunging deeper. He smoothed a hand down her body to press against her belly and he swore he could feel his length pressing up behind her belly button. It only made him fuck her harder as she made muffled whimpering sounds, like she was dying. Jesus, he was going to have to teach her how to handle pain better than this. Later.

He just wished he could see her face when he uttered his next words. "I'm gonna cum inside you."

Max jerked, movements frantic as she tried to get out from underneath him, but it only caused him to penetrate her further. He yanked her head back by her hair, gripping onto her left tit with his free hand. "Get ready." He scraped his teeth over her neck, knowing no one would ever see the mark because of her long hair.

He pulled out of her one last time and rammed inside of her as hard as he could, forcing her back against him as he tried to get as far inside of her as possible, biting down on her shoulder hard enough to draw blood as his balls tightened and he came so fucking hard his vision went *white*. Billy panted for breath, listening to the soft sound of her sobbing behind the makeshift gag as he emptied his cock inside of her, cockhead nestled up against her womb as he rotated his hips, wanting to make sure every last drop of his seed was planted deep inside her. He licked the blood off her shoulder as he collapsed on top of her, thumb rubbing over her sore nipple.

When he finally caught his breath, he eased out of her, gripping onto her thighs and flipping her onto her back. Her face was red and tear stained, her breathing fast and hard behind the gag. For a moment he watched the quick rise and fall of her chest, licking his lips at the sight of all the marks he'd made all over her. He smiled at her and then leaned down, suckling her other nipple into his mouth to try and soothe it a bit as she turned her head away, another tear trickling down her cheek. She'd never looked more beautiful to him.

"You're mine, Max," he murmured against her breast. "Not his, *mine*. You're always going to be mine." And to prove his point, he let his hand slide down between her legs, rubbing at her clit with his thumb

as she keened beneath his touch, letting three of his fingers slide inside of her, pumping her steadily and feeling her start to tighten around him as her eyes watered. Redness was beginning to bloom across her chest and he knew she was so, so close. He held her gaze as he pressed his touch high and deep within her, her body arching beautifully off the bed as he held his thumb down hard on her clit and her walls started fluttering around his digits as he wrenched an orgasm out of her, finger-fucking her through it as he laughed quietly.

She closed her eyes, turning her head away as she cried. He pulled his fingers out of her, a little surprised to see the amount of blood coating them. Oh well. Some bitches bleed more than others their first time. He wiped his hand on her stomach, shifting down so his body covered hers and they were chest to chest.

“No one else is ever going to want you. You know that, right?” he murmured, nuzzling his nose against hers. “And your body is gonna crave mine. One day you won’t be able to get enough of me.” He sighed softly, pressing a kiss against her cheek even as she tried to turn her head away.

Billy slid his way down her body, moving so he was seated between her legs, pressing his hands to her thighs and spreading them farther apart even as she started making noises of protest, eyes growing wide and panicked.

He chuckled. “Easy, Maxie. Calm down.” He pinched her inner thigh, causing her to jump, and then he spread her battered pussy lips apart to look inside her. Blood and cum were slowly oozing out of her.

“Christ, you’re a fucking mess.” He slapped her cunt lightly, making her scream against the pillowcase.

It was so tempting to eat her out, see how many times he could make her cum. But not tonight. He’d save that for another time in the near future. Still. He didn’t want to stop touching her.

He looked up at her, growing serious. “You know that if you tell anyone, I’m going to kill your little nigger boyfriend.” He reached out and flicked her swollen clit, making her jump again. “I won’t make it

quick.” He pressed a kiss to her clitoris, tongue darting out to lick at it. “And you’ll *still* be mine. I’m in charge here, Max. You get that now, right?”

A tear trickled down her cheek even as he lapped at her silky button, wrapping his lips around it and suckling, then pulling away with a delicious *pop* sound even as she wept. “Besides. We both know you got off here. No use pretending otherwise. So here’s what’s going to happen.” He rubbed her gently, deciding to give her one more orgasm to remind her she wasn’t even in control of her own body. *He* was.

“I.” He licked at her nub again, keeping his hands firmly against her thighs as she tried to buck him off her. “Am going to untie you in a minute.” He drew her sensitive clit back between his lips, lashing it with his tongue as her legs trembled. “You.” He nibbled around the area with his teeth, just enough to alarm her and make him chuckle as she whimpered. “Are going to get up and shower.”

He moved one of his hands back to her cunt, plunging three fingers in without warning, pumping in and out of her as he sucked on her a little harder, already feeling her walls beginning to clench in preparation for orgasm number two. Which really wasn’t fair, considering he’d only cum *once*. But hell. He was feeling a little generous. Besides, she’d make it up to him at a later date.

“And you’re never, ever going to tell anyone what happened between us here tonight, because if you do, Lucas Sinclair is a dead man.” He said it matter-of-factly, because it *was* a fact. He’d kill the boy and take as much pleasure in it as he had in tonight’s festivities. “But also because you don’t want anyone else to know what a whore you are.”

He eased his fourth finger into her, enjoying the distressed look on her face. She was so expressive. So *responsive*. He licked his lips and then dipped his head down to flick her clit with his tongue again. “Right, Max? You don’t want me to kill your boyfriend, right? And I’m *sure* you don’t want him to know how you got off fucking your step brother.” He twisted his fingers inside of her, gaze darting up to her face. “Do you?”

She slowly shook her head, breasts shaking as she sobbed.

“Good girl.” Without further ado, he sucked her clit into his mouth, grazing his teeth over the sensitive button just enough to send her over the edge between pleasure and pain once more. Her inner walls constricted around his fingers as her body arched again, humiliation in her eyes as a couple more tears leaked out. He pulled his hand away from her cunt, wiping it on her thigh, pleased with the half bloody handprint it left on her pale skin.

He rolled her over onto her side, reaching up and undoing the belt he'd knotted around her arms and admiring her bruised, red ass once more, running his hand over it and giving it a final squeeze. He started to gather up his clothes and his camera, satiated for the time being. He gave one last look at her trembling, naked body, fucked out and covered in at least a dozen love marks as she lay limply on the bed, fluids trickling out of her battered cunt.

He headed for the door. “And change the sheets, Maxine. We made a hell of a mess,” he said over his shoulder as he left the room, smirk on his face as he crossed the hallway to his own room and lit a cigarette.

Author's Note:

Inspired in large part by this video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KAhSWQTxZb8>